26.

Algernoon Sidneys FAREWEL.

WElcome, kind Death, my long tired Spirit bear,
From hated Monarchies deteſted Air:
And Waft me ſafe to th' happier *Stygian* Land,
Where my dear Friends with flaming Chaplets ſtand:
And Seat me high at *Shaftsburys* Right Hand.
There Worſhipping, my Proſtrate Soul ſhall fall:
Oh! for a Temple, Statues, Altars, all.
Volumes, and Leaves of Braſs; whole Books of Fame!
For all are due to that immortal Name.
For my Reception then, great Shades, make room,
For *SIDNEY* does with Loads of Honour come.
No braver Champion, nor a bolder Son
Of Thunder, ever grac'd your burning Throne.
Survey me, mighty Prince of Darkneſs, round:
View my Hack'd Limbs, each honourable Wound.
The Pride and Glory of my numerous Scars
In Hell's beſt Cauſe the old republick Wars.
Behold the rich Grey Heirs your *SIDNEY* brings,
Made Silver all in the Purſuit of Kings,
Think of the Royal Martyr, and behold
This bold Right Hand, This Cyclops Arm of Old,
That labour'd long, ſtood Blood and Wars rough ſhock
To Forge the Ax, and Hew the fatal Block.

Nor ſtopt we here; our dear Revenge ſtill kept
A Spark that in the Fathers Aſhes ſlept,
To break as fiercely in a ſecond Flame,
Againſt the Son, the Heir, the Race, the Name.
Revenge is God-like, of that deathleſs Mold,
From Generation does to Generation hold.
Let dull Religion and Sophiſtick Rules
Of Chriſtian Ignorants, Conſciencious Fools,
With falſe Alarms of Heavens forbidding Laws,
Blaſt the Renown of our Illuſtrious Cauſe:
A Cauſe, (what e're dull Preaching Dotards prate)
Whoſe only Fault was being unfortunate.

Oh

Oh the bleſt Structure! Oh the charming Toyle!
Had not Heav'ns Envy cruſht the riſing Pile,
To what Prodigious Heights had we built on!
So Babells Tower had *Solomons* Church out-ſhone.
True! my unhappy Blood's untimely ſpilt;
And ſome ſoft Fools may tremble at the Guilt.
As if the poor Vice-gerent of a God
Were that big Name that our Ambition awd.
A poor Crown'd Head, and Heav'ns Anointed! No!
We ſtop at nought that Souls reſolved dare do.
And only curſe the Weak and Failing Blow.
Whilſt like the Roman *Scævola* we ſtand,
And Burn the *Miſſing* not the *Acting* Hand.
Nay the great Work of Ruin to fulfill
All Arts, all Means, all Hands are Sacred ſtill.
No Play too foul to win the Glorious Game:
Witneſs the great Immortal *Teckleys* Fame.
In holy Warrs 'tis all *True Proteſtant*
Kings to dethrone, and Empires to ſupplant.
Nay and the Antichriſtian THRONE to ſhake,
Curſt Monarchy, 'tis Famous even to make
The *Alcoran* the *Bibles* Cauſe aſſume:
And *Mahomet* the Prop of *Chriſtendom*.
Such Aid ſuch Helps ſublime Rebellion wants,
Rebellion the great *Shibboleth* of Saints;
Which current ſtamp to *Reformation* brings.
For all is [GOD with US] that ſtrikes at Kings.
Now *Charon*, Land me on th' Elyſian Coaſt,
With all the Rites of a Deſcending Ghoſt.
A Stouter, Hardier Murmurer ne're fell
Since the old Days of Stiff-neckt *Iſrael*:
Since the cleft Earth in her expanded Womb
Oped a Broad Gulph for Mighty *Corahs* Tomb.
Methinks I ſaw him, ſaw the yawning Deep.
Oh! 'twas a Bold Deſcent, a wondrous Leap!
More ſwift the pointed Lightning never fell.
One plunge at once t' his Death, his Grave, his Hell.

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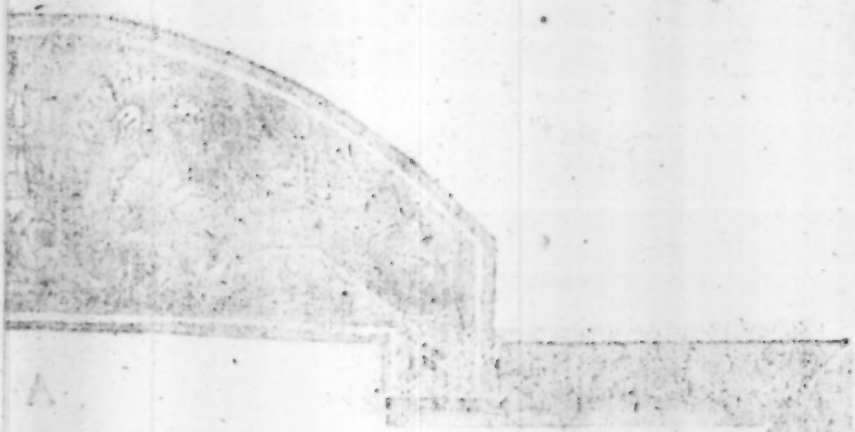
134 125